

the red napkin in the tin cake-box on the third shelf of the corner cupboard. And they sat down in three little chairs by the table, and they drank the milk all up and ate every crumb of the cookies and the cake, and then Baby cried:

'Tired! tired! Mamma! mamma! mamma!' And Boy cried, 'Tired! Tired! I want my mamma, I do!'

And Alice said, 'Mamma will be home soon now, darlings. Sit down here by the fire with Sister Alice, for this is the time to love you dearly.'

So they sat on the floor by the fire, and Baby leaned his head against her, and Boy leaned his head against her, and Alice put her arms round them both and sang while the firelight danced into the shadows in the room, and the white winter moon came and looked down through the window at them. This is what Alice sang:

'O little brother dear, lie still,

Nor fear the winter moon;

It only wants to say to you

That mother's coming soon.

'Nor fear, nor fear the shadows dark,

My little brothers dear,

For Alice holds you in her arms,

And mother's coming near.'

Then they all closed their eyes. And when Alice opened her eyes there stood her mother, and her father too. And Alice said:

'Mother dear, I have tried to be wise. I have kept the children clean, and I have kept them warm, and I have fed them well, and I have counted ten and thought hard, and I have loved them dearly,'

And her mother kissed her and said, 'You are a good child. I am very much pleased with you.' And she took out a little box, and in it was a silver chain with a locket on it, and she put it round Alice's neck. And her father kissed Alice, and when he had carried Baby and Boy upstairs he carried sleepy Alice upstairs, too, in his strong arms, for he said:

'After all, she is so very little to be such a Big Girl!'

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The Spider and Her Family.

Every child has seen spiders in plenty, spinning their webs in some corner; or, after the web or tent is securely fastened and finished, lying in wait for some unfortunate fly or mosquito.

Oftentimes in these webs small brown bags are to be seen, and these, if opened, will be found to contain a great many little eggs which the spider has laid, or sometimes when you open them, you will find that the eggs have just hatched, and that there is a bag full of tiny spiders that have not yet seen the light.

Spiders indeed have as many children sometimes as the 'old woman who lived in a shoe,' but, unlike that famed personage, they seem to know just what to do. It is very interesting to watch them and see how they manage their little ones.

One day as I was walking on a country road where there was not much travel, my attention was caught by a large spider in the dust at my feet, so large that I stopped to look at it. Its body seemed rough and thick, while its legs were short. I took a stick and poked it, when presto change! my spider had a small, round, smooth body and long legs.

Truly this was more strange than any sleight-of-hand trick I had ever seen. I had heard of snakes and frogs shedding their skins, and many other queer stories of animals and insects, but of nothing at all like this.

I stooped closer to the ground to see if I could get a clew to the mystery, and found that the dust all about the large spider was alive with little ones that she had just shaken off. What a load! And how did they ever get up on her back? Did they run up her slender legs and crowd and cling on?

How I wished I knew the spider language, that I might find out why this mother weighed herself down with such a burden of little ones as she walked the street! Was she giving them an airing, and showing them the world? or had the broom of some housemaid swept away her web, and forced her thus to take flight to save her family from destruction?

Perhaps she had been burned

out. Or was it the first day of May to her? and had her landlord forced her out of her house because she could not pay the rent?

Alas! she could not tell me, and I left her there in the road with all her little ones about her.—'Nursery.'

How Jack Won His Parents Over.

(W. B. Chisholm, in N. Y. 'Observer')

A little boy was very anxious to go to Sunday-school. His parents were very poor, and besides, did not take much interest in Sunday-schools and churches. So his mother told Jack he was too ragged.

'But, mother,' said Jack, 'were all the people dressed up in fine clothes when Jesus was on earth? I thought a good many poor people followed him.'

The child's words were almost a reproach to the woman, who had had a religious education. She, however said

'Well, I don't know, Jack, but how would you like to see dad in church with his jumper and his old muddy boots on?'

Jack thought a moment of the fine people in some of the pews, and how his father would look, and then he said:

'But, mother, why can't dad brush his shoes and you wash the jumper?'

The mother half-laughed, half-sighed.

'Why, Jack,' said she, 'your dad hasn't brushed his shoes since he was married. He's forgotten how. But I could wash the jumper.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'that's a bargain. I want to go, and I want my parents to go with me. I'll brush dad's shoes, and I'll spend that nickel I have upstairs to get blacking—no, I forgot,' said he with a troubled reflection, 'that was to go in the plate. But I do want you and dad to go so bad.'

The poor woman was conquered by the boy's love for home and love for the church.

'Yes Jack,' said she, 'we will go. I'll manage dad, no matter how he growls. I'll get that blacking, and there's an old brush somewhere around.'

Thus little Jack won his parents back to the love of Christ, and before another year had passed they had professed him before men.